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RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES

AND

MORAL LESSONS

FOR

SABBATH-SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

BY G. D. CHENOWETH.

REVISED BY D. P. KIDDER.

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PREFACE.

This book, containing a variety of facts and religious anecdotes selected from various sources, is intended for the benefit of the rising generation. It has been prepared with the hope that it may exert a happy influence on the minds of the young, to guard them against vice, and in forming their characters for future usefulness in society.

Though this book is particularly intended for children, or young persons, it is hoped it will aid parents and teachers, in their noble work, in "training up the rising generation in the way in which they should go."

It goes to the public with the most earnest prayer, that it may save some parents from blighted hopes, and win many children to the path of virtue and holiness, and prepare them for heaven.

York, Pennsylvania, July, 1845.

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RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES

AND

MORAL LESSONS.

CHAPTER I.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

THE following account, written by one who, many years after her mother's death, visited the grave of that mother, forcibly describes the feelings which the remembrance of the most trifling act of past ingratitude and disobedience will, under such circumstances, awaken.

"THOUGHTS AT A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my youthful character. The world was altered too; and as I stood at my

mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature whose cheeks she so often kissed with an excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile: it seemed as if it were but yesterday that the sound of her well-remembered voice was in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that, had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears that I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one, but the thought of it now pains my heart, and I relate it, that those children who have parents may value them as they ought.

"My mother had been ill for a long time, and I became so accustomed to her pale face, and her weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when day after day I returned from school and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me: but they told me she would die.

"One day, when I had lost my place in class, and did my work wrong side outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went to my mother's chamber: she was paler than usual;

but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to be melted by it. She requested me to go down stairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, 'And will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?'

"I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quickly, and left the room. After playing about for a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good night. But when alone in the darkness of the night and in silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, 'Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?' I could not sleep. I stole into the chamber to ask her forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not wake her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but went back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

"The sun was shining brightly when I awoke; and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! she never spoke more—never smiled on me again—and when I touched her hand that used to rest on my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I might wish to die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother have lived to tell me she had forgiven my ingratitude. But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder."

And now, young reader, when your mother dies, do you not think you will feel remorse for every unkind word you have uttered, and for every act of ingratitude? Your beloved parents must soon die. You will probably be led into their darkened chamber, to see them pale and cold in death. O how will you feel in that solemn hour if you have been disobedient! All your past life will come up before you, and you will think you would give worlds if you could blot out the remembrance of past ingratitude.

A DISOBEDIENT GIRL.

One morning, a poor woman came into the police court in Boston; her eyes were red with weeping, and she seemed to be borne down under the heavy weight of her sorrows. Behind her followed two men leading in her daughter. "Here," said a man to the judge, "is a girl that conducts so badly that her mother cannot live with her, and she must be sent to the house of correction."

"My good woman," said the judge, "what is it your daughter does which renders it so uncomfortable to live with her?"

"O sir," she replied, "it is hard for a mother to accuse her own daughter, and to be the means of sending her to prison. But she conducts so badly as to destroy all the peace of my life: she has such a temper that she sometimes threatens to kill me, and does everything to make my life wretched."

The unhappy woman could say no more. Her heart seemed bursting with grief, and she wept aloud. The heart of the judge was moved with pity, and the bystanders could hardly refrain from weeping with this afflicted mother. But there stood the hard-hearted girl, unmoved. She looked upon the sorrows of her parent in

sullen silence: she was so hardened in sin, she seemed perfectly insensible to pity or affection; and yet she was miserable. Her countenance showed that passion and malignity filled her heart, and that the fear of the prison, to which she knew she must go, filled her with rage.

The judge turned from the afflicted mother, whose sobs filled the room, and, asking a few questions of the witnesses, who testified to the daughter's cruelty and ingratitude, ordered her to be led away to the house of correction. The officers of justice took her by the arm and led her to her gloomy cell. Her lonely and sorrowing mother went weeping home to her abode of penury and desolation. Her own daughter was the viper that stung her bosom; her own child was the guilty wretch that was filling her heart with sorrow.

O, could the children who read these pages, see that mother and that daughter now, they might form some feeble idea of the consequences of disobedience; they might see how unutterable are the sorrows a wicked child may bring upon herself and her parents. The mother is broken hearted at home; she is alone and friendless; all her hopes are most cruelly destroyed.

This wicked girl was once a playful and innocent child; her mother looked upon her with

most ardent love, and hoped that her daughter would be her companion and comfort in old age. At first she ventured to disobey in some trifling things. She still loved her mother, and would have been struck with horror at being thought guilty of the crimes which she afterward committed: but she went on growing worse and worse, and every day becoming more disobedient, until she filled her mother's heart with the deepest sorrow. You think, perhaps, that you will never become so wicked as she finally became; but if you begin as she began, by trifling acts of disobedience, and little deeds of unkindness, you may soon be as wicked as she was, and make your parents as unhappy as was her poor broken-hearted mother.

Children never become so very wicked all at once; they go on from step to step in disobedience and ingratitude, till they lose all feeling, and can see their parents weep, and even die in their grief, and not shed a tear.

You have read the story of the kind man who found a viper on the ground almost dead with the cold. He took it up and put it in his bosom to warm it, and to save its life. And what did that viper do? Vile reptile! he stung his benefactor! Yes, as soon as he was warm and well, he stung the bosom of his kind friend, and

killed him. But that child is a worse viper, who, by his or her ingratitude, will sting the heart of parents, and thus dreadfully repay them for their kindness, and all their love and care. God will not forget such a child; his eye will follow you to see your sin, and his arm will reach you to punish.

THE RUNAWAY.

"A few years ago a boy began to be disobedient to his parents in little things. Every day he grew worse, more disobedient and troublesome. He ran away from school, and grew up in ignorance. He associated with bad boys, learned to swear, and to lie, and to steal. He became so bad that his parents could do nothing with him. Everybody who knew him, said, 'That boy is preparing for the gallows.' He was the pest of the neighborhood. At length he ran away from home without letting his parents know where he was going. He had heard of the sea, and thought it would be a very pleasant thing to be a sailor: but nothing is pleasant to the wicked. When he came to the seashore, where there were a large number of ships, it was some time before any one would hire him, because he knew nothing about a ship or the sea. There was no one there who was

his friend, or who pitied him, and he sat down and cried bitterly, wishing he was at home again, but ashamed to go back. At last a sea-captain came along and hired him to go a distant voyage; and, as he knew nothing about the rigging of a vessel, he was ordered to do the most servile work. He swept the decks, and the cabin, and helped the cook, and was the servant of all. He had the poorest and roughest food he ever eat in his life; and when night came, and he was so tired he could hardly stand, he had no soft bed upon which to lie, but could only wrap a blanket around him, and throw himself down anywhere to get a little sleep. This unhappy boy had acquired a sour disposition, and was so disobliging that all the sailors disliked him, and would do everything they could to torment him. When there was a storm he was pale with fear, and when the vessel was rocking in the wind, and dashing over the waves, they would make him climb the mast, and laugh to see how terrified he was, as the mast reeled to and fro, and the wind almost blew him into the raging ocean. Often did this poor boy get into some obscure part of the ship, and weep as he thought of the home he had forsaken. He thought of his father and his mother, how kind they had been to him, and

how unkind and unfaithful he had been to them, and how unhappy he had made them by his misconduct. But these feelings soon wore away. Familiarity with sea-life gave him courage, and he became inured to its hardships. Constant intercourse with the most profligate and abandoned, gave strength and inveteracy to his sinful habits; and before the voyage had ended, he was as reckless of danger, and as hardened and as unfeeling, as the most depraved on board the ship. This boy commenced by disobedience in little things, and grew worse and worse, till he forsook his father and his mother, and was prepared for the abandonment of every virtue, and the commission of every crime. Several years rolled on in this way, he growing more hardened, and his aged parents, in their loneliness, weeping over the ruin of their guilty and wandering son.

"One day an armed vessel sailed into one of the ports of the United States, accompanied by one which had been captured. When they arrived at the wharf, it was found that the vessel taken was a pirate. Multitudes flocked down upon the wharf to see the pirates as they should be led off to prison, there to await their trial. Soon they were brought out of the ship, and led through the streets with their hands fastened in

chains. Ashamed to meet the looks of honest men, and terrified with the certainty of condemnation and execution, they walked along with haggard looks, downcast eyes, and trembling limbs. Among the number was seen the unhappy boy whose history we are now relating, grown to be a man. He was locked up in the dismal dungeon of a prison. The day of trial came. Pale and trembling he was brought before the judge. He was clearly proven to be guilty, and sentenced to be hung. Again he was carried back to his prison, there to remain till the hour for his execution should arrive. News was sent to his already broken-hearted parents that their son had been condemned as a pirate, and was soon to be hung. In an agony of feeling, which cannot be described, they wept together. They thought of the hours of their child's infancy, when they watched over him in sickness, and soothed him in sleep. They thought of the joy they then anticipated in his opening years, and of the comfort they hoped he would be to them in declining age. And now to think of him, a hardened criminal, in the murderer's cell! O it was too much for them to bear! But the son was sentenced to die, and the penalty of the law could not now be avoided. His own re-

morse and his parents' tears could be of no avail.

"One morning, a gray-headed man and an aged woman were seen walking along, with faltering footsteps, through the street that led to the prison. It was the afflicted and sorrowing father and mother of this undutiful child. When they came in sight of the gloomy granite walls and iron-grated windows of this dreary abode, they could hardly proceed, so overwhelming were their feelings. When they arrived at the door of the prison, the aged father, supporting upon his arm the weeping and almost fainting mother, told the jailer who they were, and requested to see their son. Even the jailer, accustomed as he was to scenes of suffering, could not witness this exhibition of parental grief without being moved to tears. He led the parents to the dark and gloomy cell where their son was confined. O, what a sight for a father and a mother to gaze upon! There was just light enough to show them their son, sitting in the corner on the stone floor, pale and emaciated, and loaded with chains. The moment the father beheld the pallid features of his long-absent son, he raised his hands in agony, and fell fainting at his feet. The mother burst into loud exclamations of grief as she clasped

her son, guilty and wretched as he was, to her maternal bosom. O, who can describe this scene! Who can conceive of the anguish that wrung the hearts of these afflicted parents! It was their own boy that had brought all this wo upon them. Even the very jailer wept aloud. At last he was compelled to tear the parents away; they seemed as though they would have been willing to stay and die with their guilty child. But it was necessary that they should depart; and the jailer having closed the door, turned the massive bolts, and left the prisoner in his gloomy cell. O, what would he have then given to have been innocent and free! The parents returned home to weep day and night, and to have the image of this guilty son disturbing every moment of peace, and preventing the possibility of joy. The day of execution soon arrived, and this unhappy youth was led to the gallows, and launched into eternity."

Reader, you have been shown, in the two illustrations which you have just read, how much the happiness of your parents depends upon your conduct. Every day you are promoting their joy or their sorrow. And every act of ingratitude or disobedience, however trifling it may appear to you, is a sin in the

eyes of your Maker, which cannot pass unnoticed.

Remember the command of God: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long," and that thy life be not cut off by a shameful death!

CHAPTER II.

A CHILD'S ESTIMATE OF THE BIBLE; OR, THE TWO LITTLE ORPHANS.

THIS affecting narrative was related by a gentleman of respectability and veracity, at a meeting of the Bible Society in the town of Warrington, England:—

"About three weeks ago, two little boys, decently clothed, the oldest about thirteen, and the youngest about eleven years old, called at the lodging-house for vagrants in this town for a night's lodging; the keeper of the house took them into the vagrants' office to be examined; and, if proper objects, to be relieved. The account they gave of themselves was truly affecting, and no doubt was entertained of its truth. It appears that only a few weeks had elapsed since these poor little wanderers had resided with their parents in London. The typhus

fever, in one short day, carried off both father and mother, leaving them orphans in a wide world, without home or friends. Immediately after the last tribute of respect had been paid to the parents' memory, having an uncle in Liverpool, they resolved to go and throw themselves on his protection. Tired, therefore, and faint, they arrived in this town on their way. Two bundles contained their little all. In the younger boy's pocket there was found, neatly covered and carefully preserved, a *Bible*. The keeper of the house, addressing the little boy, said, 'You have neither money nor bread, will you sell me this Bible? I will give you five shillings for it.' 'No,' exclaimed he, (the tears rolling down his face,) 'I'll starve first.' Then said he, 'There are plenty of books to be bought besides this. Why do you love this Bible so much?' He replied, 'No book has stood my friend so much as my Bible.' 'Why, what has your Bible done for you?' He answered, 'When I was a little boy, about seven years old, I became a Sunday-school scholar in London; through the kind attention of my teacher I soon learned to read my Bible—this Bible, young as I was, showed me that I was a sinner, and a great one too; it also pointed me to the Saviour; and I thank God I found mercy through

Christ, and I am not ashamed to own him before the world.'

"To try him still further, six shillings were then offered him for the Bible. 'No,' said he, 'for it has been my support all the way from London; hungry and weary, I have often sat down by the wayside to read my Bible, and have found refreshment from it.' He was then asked, 'What will you do, if, when you get to Liverpool, your uncle will not receive you?' 'My Bible tells me,' said he, 'when my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.' The man could go no further, for tears choked his utterance, and they both wept together. At night these two orphans bent their knees by the side of each other, and prayed to their heavenly Father—to him whose ears are open to the poor and destitute, and who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.'

"The next morning the little wanderers rose early, dressed themselves for their journey, and set out for Liverpool."

EARLY IMPRESSIONS NEVER FORGOTTEN.

Many years ago a German removed to the state of Pennsylvania, and settled in a remote neighborhood. He was a poor man, and had a

large and growing family around him. There were no sabbath schools then to which he might send his children; there was no church near them in which to worship on the sabbath day. But this poor man kept his family at home, and taught them to read the *Bible*, to sing and to pray. In the year 1754 a war broke out in Canada between the French and the English; the Indians went over and joined the French; they frequently came into Pennsylvania, and would burn the houses, murder the parents, and carry off the children. One day, while the mother and one son were from home, the Indians came; they murdered the father and one little son, and carried away as captives the two little girls, Barbary and Regina; the one about ten, the other nine years of age. It was never known what became of Barbary. Regina, with another little girl, fell into the hands of an old Indian woman, who treated them very cruelly. But Regina never forgot her home, her mother, her father, and their instructions. These two little orphans would wander off, solitary and alone; and under the spreading trees of the forest kneel and pray to their heavenly Father. In this state they lived, until Regina was nineteen years of age. At that time Colonel Bouquet, commander of the British army, con-

quered the Indians, and made them sue for peace: he granted it on the conditions, that all the white persons taken as captives, and all the prisoners, should be delivered up to him: four hundred were brought forth, and among the rest was Regina. The colonel brought them to the town of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and had it published abroad that all persons having lost children by the Indians, might come and see if they were among the captives. Poor Regina's afflicted and widowed mother, though aged and infirm, hurried away to Carlisle to see if she could find her long-lost children. When she got there, and the captives were brought out and arranged in line, she saw no one that she could recognize as her child. Regina was there; but she had grown up, and she looked, dressed, and talked like an Indian woman: her aged mother walked up and down the line weeping in great distress; and as she stood with the tears coursing down her face, the colonel came up, and said, "Can you think of nothing by which your children may be known?" She said, "I can think of nothing but a hymn they used to sing when we were all together." "Well," said the colonel, "sing it just as you used to do when you were all together." She commenced,—

"Alone, yet not alone, am I;
Though in this solitude so drear,
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes, the gloomy hour to cheer."

Scarcely had the mother sung two lines, when Regina rushed from the crowd, and began to sing, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy. Pious instruction imparted to the mind of a child will produce an effect that no time will ever efface. Old age may come on, time and circumstances may change, but these impressions will last.

THE HYMNS MY MOTHER SUNG.

There are to me no hymns so sweet
As those my mother sung,
When joyously around her feet
Her little children clung.

The baby in its cradle slept—
My mother sung the while;
What wonder if there softly crept
Across his lips a smile?

And I, a sick and languid boy—
Oppress'd with many pains—
Oft felt a quiet sense of joy
Come with her soothing strains.

The stealing tear mine eye bedims,
My heart is running o'er—
The music of a mother's hymns
Shall cheer me here no more!

LITTLE BOY KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

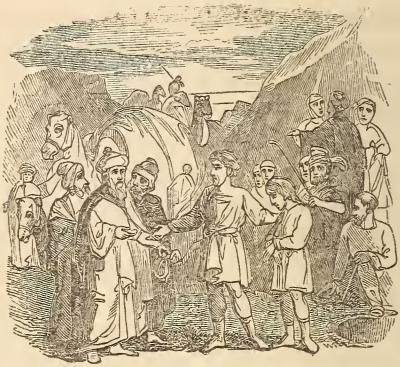
A few years ago there was within the bounds of my pastoral charge a large and interesting sabbath school, for which I felt a deep interest. I often visited the school, spoke to the children, and witnessed, with much pleasure, their serious and marked attention to the religious truths brought before them. They were taught to reverence the sabbath, and to keep it holy. But, in the afternoon, on a warm summer's day, three little boys belonging to this school determined to break the sabbath; and, instead of going to school, they turned truants, and wandered off from the church to the outskirts of the city, along the banks of the river, to play; and while they were sporting along the brink of the water, the muttering thunders were heard in the distance, the heavens were soon overcast with a dark and angry-looking cloud, the winds howled around, and the storm raged with awful fury; loud peals of thunder were heard, and the vivid lightnings were seen to dart athwart the heavens! Alarmed at their situation, they fled to a tree near by for shelter;—there they sat, pale and terrified, while the raging storm and warring elements seemed to threaten an awful

punishment for their sin. At length the lightning struck the tree under which they sat, and one of the little boys was taken up dead. He was carried home to his friends a lifeless corpse! Had this little boy done as he had been commanded, and gone to sabbath school, and kept the sabbath day holy, he would have had the smile of his God, and been preserved alive. But he disobeyed, and was cut down suddenly. "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Dear children! take a solemn warning from the example of this little boy, and never like him play the truant, or break the sabbath, lest a worse thing come upon you.

THE SABBATH.

Hail! hallow'd day of holy rest!
In quietness and peace most blest
  Thy moments pass away:
At thine approach the noisy world
Is quickly into silence hurl'd,
  And sinks in calmer day;

Emblem of that bright heaven above!
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
  An endless sabbath day;
Where the redeem'd in praise unite
In songs of gladness day and night,
  Adorn'd in white array.



CHAPTER III.

WILL IT EVER BE KNOWN?

YES, *conscience* will tell it! and if intrusted with your secret sins, you must not be disappointed if she betrays you. She was on the spot, and recorded them. She tried to restrain you; she whispered in your ear not to do the fearful deed; and because you would not listen to her, she told you then she would publish it to the world.

More than twenty years rolled away, and Joseph's brethren appear to have no compunction for their crime. They had kept the secret, and no doubt imagined that it would for ever lie buried in their own bosoms. But, by the pro-

vidence of God, they were sent into Egypt, and, by a chain of circumstances, stood trembling and guilty before that brother whom they had so cruelly sold as a slave. Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew him not. Conscience could no longer sleep. And they said, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us!" Conscience is the great betrayer of secret sin. Your sin will find you out; it will be known. You can clothe yourself with no splendor of which conscience will not divest you; you can enter no solitude where conscience will not follow you; conscience will make you pale on your lonely pillow; and even in your soundest slumbers it will whisper, "Thou art the man."

I will here give you a narrative selected from the (London) Child's Companion:—

"Ann Morris, some time ago, was given to lying; if she committed a fault, she tried to conceal it by telling a lie. One morning Ann took the can as usual, and went to a neighboring farm, about half a mile distant, for some milk. She walked quickly there; but on her return she had to pass a pond, on which a number of girls and boys were amusing themselves by

sliding on the ice. Ann had always been taught not to play when sent on an errand, and her first thought was to hasten past them all; but when she reached the place she saw some of her school companions, and she stood to see them slide *once* along—*only once* she thought to herself: then it was *only once each way;* and as they went briskly along one after the other, she watched them again and again, still persuading herself she would only stay to see them *once more.* At length Fanny Reed called her to join them; so she put down her can, and ventured on the pond. Ann had but little confidence; she knew she was doing wrong; not being accustomed to sliding, poor Ann fell, and hurt herself very much. Just at this time a boy went along with a team of horses and upset the can, and all the milk was soon lost in the snow. Poor Ann cried bitterly. 'What shall I do?' said she, 'mother will be angry with me.' 'Tell your mother you fell down,' said Susan Tompkins; 'you did fall, that will be no story.' 'So I will,' said Ann; 'but if mother asks any of you, you must say so too.' They all promised they would; and Ann hastened home, never once reflecting on the sin she was going to commit. Her mother, however, was not easily satisfied, and asked Ann so many ques-

tions, where she was, and how she fell, that Ann had to tell a good many more lies to conceal the first, and she was found out after all. A lady, who lived near the pond, saw the whole affair; and fearing Ann might be much hurt by the fall, called on Mrs. Morris during the course of the day, to know if she could be useful to her. She said she was much surprised to see Ann on the pond with such rude girls, and hoped it would be a lesson to her. This led to an explanation, when Ann's wicked deed was fully laid open.

"Her mother wept bitterly when she found how wicked her little girl had been; she told how one crime brings on another; and how, by disobeying her parents, she had been led into so great a sin. She prayed with her, and shed many tears, and her kind mother besought the Lord, for the sake of his dear Son, to pardon the sins of her little girl, and put his fear into her heart that she might not sin against him any more. Ann and her mother mingled their tears together; and Ann felt that it was a blessing indeed to have such a mother."

My dear children! it is better to be punished in this life for a fault, than to escape punishment by telling a lie, thus adding to your crime. Ever remember the wise man's proverb, "Bread

of deceit is sweet to a man, but afterward his mouth shall be filled with gravel."

EVERYBODY MAY BE OF SOME USE.

A poor but holy man, one evening, after the toils of the day, said to his children, "I have been thinking to-day that every animal which God has made is of some use. The horse, the cow, the ox, the bee, the hen; all of some use. Everything is of some use but bad men and women, and idle children; these are of no service to any one."

While this poor man talked in this way, little Philip listened very attentively; and the words of his kind father sunk deep into his heart, and he began to talk thus with himself:—"I am sure my father looked at me when he talked of idle children; although I do try to help my mother a little, I do not do as much as would pay for my dinner, let alone my clothes, and my breakfast and supper. It is true, if I were to put down what I cost my parents on the one side, and what I do for them on the other, I could not say that I was of any use to them, or to anybody else; I do not know that I ever tried to do any good to anybody in my life, and this is very bad." Thus the little boy reasoned with himself: at length it was put into his mind

(no doubt by the Lord) that he would try to be of some little use to some one; and as his mother gave him one hour every day for himself, he resolved to spend that hour in reading to a poor blind man that lived in a cottage near him. So he went to this poor man, and offered his services, which were kindly received; for the poor blind man was delighted with the thought of having the Bible read to him, and he would listen for the footsteps of little Philip at the hour he was expected to come, as eagerly as for one who was bringing him his daily food.

It was a great comfort to the blind man to hear him read; and it was a great blessing to both of them, for the *Bible* was the book they chiefly studied, and the blind man was a deeply-experienced Christian. He was, therefore, enabled not only to profit by the word of God himself, but to give much instruction to Philip.

After the lapse of two years the blind man died, and Philip followed him to the grave; and it was a pleasant thought to the little boy, as he stood by the grave, to know that he had been a source of some comfort to the poor blind man. "To do good, and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

A little boy, belonging to a sabbath school in London, having every sabbath to pass through

a court, observed a store always open for the sale of goods. The boy, having been taught the duty of sanctifying the Lord's day, was grieved at its profanation, and for some time seriously considered if it were possible for him to do anything to prevent it. At length he determined to leave a tract "ON THE LORD'S DAY," as he passed by. On the next sabbath, coming the same way, he observed the store was closed. He stopped, and pondered whether this could be the effect of the tract he had left. He ventured to knock gently at the door; when a woman within, thinking it was a customer, cried out, "You cannot have anything; we do not sell on Sunday." The little boy still begged for admittance, encouraged by what he had heard; the woman recollecting his voice, opened the door, and said, "Come in, my dear little fellow; it was you who left the tract here last sabbath on sabbath breaking, and it frightened me so, that I did not dare to keep my store open any longer, and I am determined never to do so again as long as I live."

O, may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

In a village which stands on the seashore there lately lived a poor widow that had seen better days. Her husband was a respectable sea-captain, and supported his family in ease and affluence: but he was lost at sea, leaving his widow with two little sons, one six years old, the other an infant. She retired from the circle in which she had so long moved with esteem, and purchased a neat little cottage by the water's side. Here she brought up her little boys, and early endeavored to lead them "in the way in which they should go." She felt herself to be but a pilgrim below, and taught her sons that this world never was designed for our home. In this manner this little family lived retired and respected. The mother would often lead her children on the hard sandy beach just as the setting sun was tipping the smooth blue water with his last yellow tints. She would then tell them of their father who was gone, and with her finger would write his name in the sand, and as the next wave obliterated every trace of the writing, would tell them that the hopes and joys of this world are as transient. When the eldest son arrived at the age of

twelve, he was seized with an incurable desire of going to sea. The remonstrances of a tender parent and an affectionate little brother were all in vain. He at length wrung a reluctant consent from his mother, and receiving from her a Bible, a mother's prayers and blessing, he embarked on board a large brig. He promised his mother, as he gave a last parting hand, that he would daily read his Bible, and as often commit himself to God in prayer. For some time he remembered his promise to his mother, and daily read his Bible; but the sneers of the wicked crew drew away his mind from the instructions of his mother, and he placed his Bible at the bottom of his chest, to slumber with his conscience.

During a severe storm, when it seemed as if destruction awaited every soul on board, he thought of his mother, his home, and his promises; and, in the anguish of his heart, resolved to amend if his life should be spared. But when the storm had subsided, and the seas were smooth, and the clear sun brought joy and gladness over the great waters, he forgot all his promises. No one of the crew could be more profane—no one more ready to scoff at religion, which, in his innocence and childhood, he had been taught to love and revere.

After an absence of several years this youth found himself once more drawing near to his native land. He had traversed the globe; but during all this time he had neither written to his mother, nor heard from her. Though he had thrown off restraint, and blunted the finer feelings of his nature, yet his bosom thrilled with delight at the thought of once more meeting his parent and brother. It was in the fall of the year he returned, and on a lovely eve in September he walked toward his long-deserted home. Those only are acquainted with the pleasures of the country who have spent their early days in rural retirement. As the young sailor drew near the cottage of his mother, as he ascended the last sloping hill which hid it from his sight, his memory recalled all the scenes of "his happier days," while fancy whispered deceitfully, that hours equally agreeable would again be realized. The hills over which he had so often roamed—the groves through which he had so often wandered, while they echoed with the music of the feathered tribe—the gentle stream on whose banks he had so often sported, and the rising spire of the church, all conspired to excite the most thrilling sensations. He drew near the cottage door, and found all was stillness. A solemnity seemed to breathe around

him, and as he rapped at the door his heart misgave him, though he knew not why. He knocked, but no one bade him enter; he called, but no answer was returned save the echo of his own voice. It seemed like knocking at the door of the tomb. The nearest neighbor hearing the noise, came and found the youth sitting and sobbing on the steps of the door.

"Where," he cried, with eagerness, "where are my mother and brother? O I hope they are not dead!"

"If," said the stranger, "you inquire for widow ——, I can only pity you. I have known her but a short time; she was the best woman I ever knew. Her little boy died of a fever, about a year ago, and in consequence of fatigue in taking care of him, and anxiety for a long absent son at sea, the good widow was herself buried yersterday."

"O heavens!" cried the youth, "I have stayed only long enough to kill my mother! wretch that I am. Show me the grave—I have a dagger in my bundle—let me die with my mother, my poor broken-hearted mother!"

"Hold, friend," said the astonished neighbor, "if you are this woman's son, I have a letter for you, which she wrote a few days before she

died, and desired you should receive, should you ever return."

They both turned from the cottage and went to the house of the neighbor. The letter was produced: the young man threw down his hat and bundle, and read the following short letter, while his manly cheeks were covered with tears:—

"My Dearest, only Son,—When this reaches you I shall be no more. Your little brother has gone before me; I cannot but hope and believe he was prepared. I had fondly hoped that I should once more have seen you on the shores of mortality, but the hope is now relinquished. I have followed you by prayers through all your wanderings. Often, when you little expected it, even in the dark cold nights of winter, I have knelt and prayed for my lost son. There is but one thing that gives me pain at dying, and that is, my dear William, that I must leave you in this wicked world, I fear unreconciled to your Maker! I am too low to say more; my glass is run. As you visit the sods which covers my dust, O remember that you too must soon follow! Farewell: the last breath of your mother will be spent in praying for you, that we may meet above."

The young man's heart melted on reading these few words from the parent whom he so tenderly loved, but whom he had disobeyed. I will only add, that this letter was the means, in the hand of God, in bringing this youth to the saving knowledge of the truth, and that he is now a reputable and pious man; from this we may learn "that praying breath" can never be spent in vain.

"Let thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

"On Christ, by faith, my soul would live;
From him my life, my all receive:
To him devote my fleeting hours;
Serve him alone, with all my powers.'

LITTLE NATHAN.

Little Nathan was born in B——, in 1822. He died in the same city in 1830. He was a pleasant boy. When quite young, he was very lively and playful. He was very fond of his parents. It gave him great pleasure to go with his father when he went out on business, or to church; for he loved his father very much.

When he was about five years old, a gentleman interested in sabbath schools called on his

mother, and requested her to send her son. The parents cheerfully accepted the invitation, and the next sabbath, Nathan, for the first time in his life, was a sabbath-school scholar. He soon became deeply interested in what he heard and learned. His mind was so much occupied in thinking about it, that he appeared differently at home during the week, so that all noticed the change.

The superintendent, on one occasion, addressed the scholars on the necessity of a *new heart*, in order to please God and be happy. Nathan was deeply impressed, and said to his mother, "I am sure he meant *me*, for he looked right at me." Again the superintendent spoke of the duty of secret prayer, and urged it upon all to begin immediately to kneel before God, in their chambers, morning and evening, and pray. The next morning he rose very early and went to his mother's bedside. He touched her elbow: she awoke and found him standing in tears. She said to him, "What do you want, Nathan?" "Mother," said he, "where shall I kneel?" "What for, Nathan?" said she. "To pray for a new heart," he replied.

About this time, while going on an errand for his school teacher, he was caught out in a violent storm of wind and rain: it was so

severe that he had some difficulty in getting home, being thoroughly drenched in the shower, and almost out of breath. His mother asked him where he had been. "I have been on an errand, mother, and I'll tell you what I thought: that God sent that wind and rain on me because I was so wicked." At another time he slipped away from his mother, and she did not notice his absence immediately. She soon, however, had occasion to call for him, which she did several times. In a few minutes after, he came from some secret place out of her sight. She said, "Where have you been, Nathan?"

"I have been praying, mother," said he, "for a new heart; and I prayed for you, too, mother."

Many interesting incidents occurred in the history of little Nathan, which I cannot record now. He continued to attend his sabbath school regularly every week, until Jan., 1829. Being deeply afflicted, he was confined to the house until May, when he was sent to spend a few weeks with his grandmother: but his disease growing worse, he returned home about the first of July. After this he went out very little. He pined away gradually until he died.

Some time before his death, a friend made known to him her fears about his recovery, and

asked him if he thought he would get well again. He replied, with tears, "I don't know; sometimes I think I shall, and sometimes I think I shall not."

He now became very deeply concerned, and was very desirous that some one should pray for him, and often requested his mother to read the *Bible* for him. Often she found him in tears, and on inquiring into the cause, he has answered to this effect:—"I fear I shall not get well, and I want a new heart." "I should not fear to die if I thought I would go to that good place." When, however, he found peace in believing, he was accustomed to say, "I have no fears of death now"—"Death has no terrors for me." One day, as he was asking his mother if he might join the church, she replied, "You had better not say anything about that now. You are too young, I do not think it would be proper." He said, looking up into her face, Jesus said, "*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*" "You, perhaps, may get well, and if you should, and go to school again, the boys might laugh at you; and would you not feel ashamed then?" He replied, "If I should be ashamed of Jesus, when I come to die he would be ashamed of me."

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when *I* blush be this my shame,
That *I* no more revere his name."

At another time a friend called and found him in great pain. He looked, however, smiling and happy, as usual. He asked him how he felt. He replied, "Rather easier." Presently he said he wished to be taken up; and while he was removed to the rocking-chair he suffered intense pain, but he bore it all patiently. His cough was so violent that he could not say much, but soon asked for the hymn-book, and desired this hymn to be read:

"Jesus, at thy command
I launch into the deep."

He was afterward asked, "What makes you feel so happy to-day, Nathan?"

"Thinking of my Saviour."

"Then you are still happy, though you are in pain?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you thought most about to-day?"

"About dying."

He was then addressed by a friend, who said, "I cannot hope to see you many times more; your friends cannot expect you to continue long with them." "Well," said he with a trembling

voice, "I hope we shall meet in a better world, and then we'll tune a sweeter"—his voice ceased—he could say no more.

He was then asked if there was anything he wished to tell the little boys and girls at sabbath school, after he was gone. He paused a moment, and said, "Yes, sir; tell them to love the Saviour, and pray to him, and read the Bible, and *not to put it off*." He was then asked if there was any particular hymn which he liked very much: tell us your favorite hymn; we should like to think of you when you are gone. He thought for a moment, and repeated the first lines of the hymn—

"One there is above all others,
  Well deserves the name of friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
  Costly, free, and knows no end.

"Which of all our friends to save us
  Could or would have shed his blood;
But the Saviour died to have us
  Reconciled in him to God.

"When he lived on earth abased,
  Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
  He rejoices in the same.

"O for grace our hearts to soften!
  Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
We, alas! forget too often
  What a friend we have above."

A friend read, at his request, a few passages of Scripture, and among the rest 1 Cor. ii, 9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him." The first four verses of Rev. xxi seemed to give him comfort especially. As he heard the fourth verse—"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain"—he opened his eyes and looked up with a smile; and would sometimes, with a gentle voice, respond.

He said to the doctor, "Will you please to pray with me?"

"Perhaps your minister will be in this afternoon."

"Do you ever pray?"

"Yes, I hope we all pray."

"Were you ever a sabbath-school teacher?"

"Yes."

"Well, doctor, will you please to read a hymn?"

"When I call again, if you will have one ready that you like, I shall be very happy to read it for you."

The hymn which he had selected when the doctor called again, was—

"I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

"I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath laid there, I welcome its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies."

Little Nathan ended his career in peace; he died in the full triumphs of faith, and has gone to dwell with angels and God. May you, my dear young friends, imitate his example; follow him as he followed Christ, that you may dwell with him in heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROGRESS OF CRIME.

THE chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison recently communicated to the public the following striking narrative of the progress of crime :—

"A few weeks ago I addressed the congregation to which I minister, on the importance of a strict attention to what are denominated *little things*, which not unfrequently throw a disastrous influence over the whole course of future life. It was also further remarked, that a large proportion of the events and transactions of life, which go to make up the history of most men, are, as they are usually estimated, comparatively unimportant and trivial; and yet all these events and transactions contribute, in a greater or less degree, to the formation of character, and that on *moral character* are suspended, essentially, our usefulness and happiness in time, and our well-being in eternity.

"I then remarked that I could not doubt, that, on sober reflection, many of that assembly would find that they owed the complexion of a greater portion of their lives, and their unhappy situation

as tenants of the state prison, to some transaction comparatively trivial, and of which, at the time, they thought very little. I requested them to examine and see if the remark I had made was not correct.

"This was on the sabbath. The next morning one of the prisoners, an interesting young man, came to me, and observed that he would be glad to have some conversation with me whenever I should find it convenient. Accordingly, in the afternoon of the same day I sent for him. He came, and I requested him to state freely what he wished to say; he remarked, that he wished to let me know how peculiarly applicable my remarks were to his case the previous day, on the importance of *little things;* and if I would permit him, he would give me a brief sketch of his history, and particularly of the transaction which, almost in childhood, had given a disastrous coloring to the whole period of his youth, and, in the result, had brought him to be an occupant of his present dreary abode.

"It appears, from the sketch he gave, that he was about ten years of age when his father removed from a distant part of the state, and settled in the vicinity of Boston. In this town was a respectable boarding school, not a great

distance from the residence of his father; and to this school he was sent. Having always lived in the country, he had seen very few of those novelties, and parades and shows, which are so common in and near the city; and it is not wonderful that, when they occurred, like other children, he should feel a strong desire to see them.

"He had not long been at school before he heard there was to be a "*cattle show*" at Brighton. He had never seen a *cattle show*. He thought it must be a very fine sight, and felt a strong desire to go. His desire, on the morning of the first day of the show, he expressed to his father, and was told it would be a very improper place for him to go to, unless attended by some suitable person to watch over and attend to him; and that such was the business of the father, that he could not accompany him, and, of course, his desire could not be gratified. He was sorely disappointed, but resolved not to give up, without further effort, an object on which his heart was so much set.

"The next morning he beset his father again on the subject. His father seemed anxious to have the son gratified; but told him he could by no means give his consent to go to such a place without suitable company; and though his

business was urgent, he would try to go in the afternoon; and if he did, he would call at the school-house, and take him with him. This was all he could promise.

"But here was an *uncertainty*, an *if*, which ill accorded with the eager curiosity of the son. Accordingly, he resolved to go at all hazards. He doubted much whether his father would go, and if he *did not*, he concluded he might, without much difficulty, conceal the matter from him. Having formed his determination and laid his plan, he went, before leaving home in the morning, to his father's desk, and took a little money to spend on the occasion; and, instead of going to school, went to Brighton. Contrary, however, to his expectations and his hopes, the father, for the sake of gratifying him, concluded to go to the show, and on his way called for him. But no son was to be found, and he had not been seen there that day. The father, during the afternoon, saw the son, but took care that the son should not see him. After they had both returned in the evening, the father inquired of the son if he had been to school that day. His reply was, Yes. My youthful readers readily perceive how naturally one sin leads to another. But the son was soon satisfied, from further questions, and

from the manner of the father, that he knew where he had been, and he confessed the whole.

"His father said that he felt it his duty to acquaint his teacher with the whole affair, and to request him to call him to an account for absenting himself thus from school without his permission, and to inflict such punishment on him as he thought proper.

"He was accordingly sent to school, and, in his estimation, degraded in the eyes of his teacher and his school-fellows; and he resolved not to submit to it for any length of time. A few days after this he left home, under the pretence of going to school, and ran away. He traveled on until he reached the town from which his father removed, and had been absent for several weeks before his father knew what had become of him. He was, however, discovered, and brought back home.

"Some time after this, he was sent to another school, in a neighboring town; but, not being altogether pleased, he resolved, as he had run away once, he would try the experiment again; and this he did. He had been absent six months before his parents knew what had become of him. He had changed his name; but getting into some difficulty, in consequence of which he must go to jail, unless he could find

some friends, he was constrained to tell his name, and who were his parents; and in this way his good father, whom he had so much abused, learning his son's condition, came to his aid, and saved him from going to prison.

"But I should make this story too long, if I were to detail all the particulars of his subsequent life until he became a tenant of the state prison. Suffice it to say, he went on from one misstep to another, until he entered upon that career of crime before stated.

"And now, to what do you think this unhappy young man ascribes his wanderings from home, and virtue and happiness, and the forlorn condition in which he now finds himself? I answer, simply, to the *trivial circumstance* of his leaving school one day without his father's notice, to go to the cattle show! And what do you think he says of it now? He says, 'I feel all I have suffered, and still suffer, is the righteous chastisement of Heaven. I deserve it all, for my wicked disobedience to both my earthly and heavenly Father, and wish you to make such use of my case as you think best, to instruct and benefit the young.' This is no fiction. You see here what has been the painful result of one act of disobedience to a parent. Can any child read this narrative without trembling

at the thought of disobedience, even in the most trifling affair? If you once disobey your parents, it is impossible to tell to what it will lead. Crime follows in the steps of crime, till the career is closed by irretrievable ruin. The consequences reach far beyond the grave.

"How ungrateful is disobedience! A noble-hearted boy would deny himself of almost any pleasure; he would meet almost any danger; he would endure almost any suffering, before he would, in the most trifling manner, disobey parents who had been so kind, and endured so much to make him happy. How different is such a child from one who is so ungrateful, that he will disobey his parents merely that he may play a few moments longer, or that he may avoid some trifling work that he may wish not to perform! There is a magnanimity in a child who feels so grateful for his parents' love, that he will repay them by all the affection and obedience in his power, which attracts the respect and affection of all who know him."

There was once a little boy, about thirteen years old, whose name was Casabianca. His father was the commander of a ship of war, called the Orient. The little boy accompanied his father to the seas. His ship became engaged in a battle on the Nile. In the midst

of the thunders of the battle, while the shot were flying thickly around, and strewing the decks with blood, this brave boy stood by the side of his father, faithfully discharging the duties that were assigned to him. At last the father placed him in a particular part of the ship, to perform some service, and told him to remain until he should call him away. As the father went to another part of the ship to notice the progress of the battle, a ball from the enemy's vessel laid him dead upon the deck. But the son, unconscious of his father's death, and faithful to the trust reposed in him, remained at his post, waiting for his father's orders. The battle raged dreadfully around him. The blood of the slain flowed at his feet. The ship took fire, and the flames drew nearer and nearer. Still this noble-hearted boy would not disobey his father. In the face of blood, and balls, and fire, he stood firm and *obedient*. The sailors began to desert the burning and sinking ship, and the boy cried out, "Father, may I go?" But no voice of permission could come from the mangled body of his lifeless father. And the boy, not knowing that he was dead, would rather die than disobey. And there that boy stood at his post, till every man had deserted the ship; and he stood and

perished in the flames. O, what a boy was that! Everybody that ever heard of him thinks he was one of the bravest boys that ever was born. Rather than disobey his father, he would die in the flames. This account has been written in poetry; and as the children who read this book would like to read it, I will here present it:—

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
  Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle wreck
  Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet, beautiful and bright he stood,
  As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic mood,
  A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on; he would not go
  Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
  His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say,
  If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
  Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father," once again he cried,
  "If I may yet be gone!"
And—but the booming shots replied,
  And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
  And in his waving hair;
And look'd from his lone post of death
  In still, but brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
  "My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
  The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendor wild,
  They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
  Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
  The boy—O where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
  With fragments strew'd the sea.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
  That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perish'd there
  Was that young faithful heart.

You may have known some bad boys who thought it looked brave to care nothing for the feelings of their parents; but do you think that this little boy was a coward? No! the boy who is truly brave has a noble spirit, and will obey his parents. If others oppose him, and persuade him to act differently, he will tell them plainly he intends to do his duty. The fact is, in almost every case disobedient boys are mean and cowardly.

CHAPTER V.

RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

I NOW purpose to recommend to your serious consideration the subject of religion. That you may know your duty, it is important that you should properly understand your own character in the sight of God. I shall try to make this plain to you by the following illustrations :—

THE MUTINEERS.

A few years ago a ship sailed from England to explore the Northern Ocean. As it was a voyage of no common danger to face the storms and the tempests of those icy seas, a crew of experienced seamen was obtained, and placed under the guidance of a commander of long-tried skill. As the ship sailed from port, the weather was pleasant, the breeze favorable, all was joyous, all was harmony on board, and all were obedient to their commander.

As weeks passed away, and they pressed forward on the wide waste of waters, there were occasional acts of neglect of duty. Still the commander retained his authority : no one ventured to refuse subjection to him. But as the ship advanced further and further into those un-

explored regions, new toils and dangers stared them in the face. The cold blasts of those northern regions chilled their limbs. Mountains of ice, dashed about by the tempests, threatened destruction to the ship and the crew. As far as the eye could reach, a dreary view of chilling waves and floating ice warned them of dangers from which no human power could save them. The ship was far away from home, and in regions which had seldom, if ever, been seen by mortal eyes. The boldest seemed at times appalled by the danger that awaited them. Under these circumstances, the spirit of revolt broke out among the crew: they resolved that they would no longer be in subjection to their commander: they rose together in rebellion; deprived him of his authority, and took the control of the vessel into their own hands. They then placed their commander in an open boat, and throwing him a few articles of provision, turned him adrift upon the wide and cheerless ocean, and he never was heard of after. Appointing one of their number as commander, they turned the ship in a different direction, and regulated all their movements by their own will. They had deprived their *lawful* commander of his authority, and elevated another to fill his place. A stranger would, perhaps, have perceived no

material difference, after this change, in the conduct of the crew. The preservation of their own lives rendered it necessary that the rules of naval discipline should be observed; by night the watches were set and relieved, as before; the helmsman performed his accustomed duty, and the sails were spread to the winds, or furled in the tempest, as occasion required. But still, they were all guilty of mutiny and murder. They were miserable. They had refused to submit to their lawful commander; consequently, by the laws of their country, they were all condemned to be hung. The faithful discharge of their duties, each day after their revolt, did not free them from blame: the crime of which they were guilty, and for which they deserved the severest punishment, was the refusal to submit to lawful authority.

Now, our situation is very similar to this rebellious crew. We have said in our hearts, that we will not have the man Christ Jesus to reign over us. Instead of living in entire obedience, we have defied his authority, and chosen to rule ourselves. The accusation which God has against us, is, that we will not obey his authority, and submit to him as our ruler. Some children think if they do not tell lies, and if they obey their parents, this is all

God requires of them. This is a great mistake. God not only requires us to do our duty to our parents, but he requires of us, also, a change of heart. "Ye must be born again." He requires that we should love him with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourselves, and at all times to do those things that are pleasing in his sight. While the mutinous seamen had command of the vessel, they might have been kind to one another, they might with unwearied diligence have seen that everything was in its proper place, and obeyed, with the utmost fidelity, the commands of their captain; but notwithstanding all this, their former guilt was undiminished. They had rebelled against lawful authority, and for this they were exposed to the penalty of the law which doomed them to death.

Thus it is, my dear young friend, with us. We may be kind one to another; we may be free from guile; we may perform a great many good works; yet, if our hearts are not changed, and if we are not in subjection to God, we are justly exposed to the penalty of his violated law, which is death. What would have been thought of one of these rebellious seamen, if, when brought before the bar of his country, he had pleaded in defense, that, after his revolt, he had been faithful to his new commander? Would

any one, because of that, consider him innocent? No! he would have been led at once to the scaffold; and the voice of an indignant public would have said he suffered justly for his crime. So it is with you, my young friend. It is your duty, at all times, to be obedient to God. The charge which God brings against us, is, that we have refused to obey him. For this we deserve that penalty which God has threatened against rebellion. If we love our parents ever so ardently, it will not save us, unless we love God. If we are ever so kind to those around us, this will not secure God's approbation unless we obey him; and we shall be as foolish as the guilty mutineer, if we expect that any such excuses will save us from the penalty of his law.

We cannot, by any fidelity in the common duties of life, atone for the neglect of love to our Maker. We have broken away from his authority. We follow our own inclinations, and are obedient to the directions of others, rather than those of our Maker. The fact is, the duties we owe to God and our fellow-men are not to be separated. God expects the child, in the morning, to acknowledge his dependence upon his Maker, and to pray for assistance to do that which is right, during all the day. He expects you, when the evening comes, to thank him for

all his goodness, and solemnly promise, all your days, to be obedient to his authority. You must not only love your parents, but you must love your God supremely. You must try to have your words pure, and all your conduct holy in the sight of God. Now, when you look back on your past life, and when you examine your present feelings, do you not see that you have not obeyed God in all things? Not only have you had wicked thoughts, and at times been disobedient to your parents, but you have not devoted the service of your life to your Maker. God now desires to have you obedient to him. He loves you, and wishes you to be happy. He has for this purpose sent his Son into the world to die for your sins, and to lead you to piety and to peace. The Saviour now asks you to repent of your sins, and to love him, to give him your heart, that when you die you may be received into heaven. Remember the passage of Scripture in Rev. iii, 2, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." You see in this his strong desire that you should receive him into your heart.

One of the most affecting scenes described by the pen of an eloquent writer is that of AN AGED FATHER, driven from his home by ungrate-

ful and hard-hearted children. The broken-hearted man is represented as standing by the door of his own house, in a dark and tempestuous night, with his gray locks streaming in the wind, and his head unprotected from the fury of the storm. There he stands, drenched with rain, and shivering with cold; but the door is barred, and the shutters closed. His daughters hear the trembling voice of their aged parent, but refuse him admission; their flinty hearts remain unmoved: the darkness increases; the tempest rages; the rain falls in torrents, and the wind howls fearfully; the voice of their father grows feebler and feebler, as the storm spends its fury upon him. But nothing can touch the sympathies of his unnatural children; they will not open the door to him. At last, grief, and the pangs of disappointed hope, break the father's heart. He looks at the black and lowering clouds above him, and, in the phrensy of his distracted mind, invites the increasing fury of the storm. And still those hard-hearted children refuse to receive him to their fireside, but leave him to wander in the darkness, and perish. What heart is not indignant at such treatment? Who does not abhor the conduct of those unnatural children?

Our Saviour represents himself as taking a

similar attitude before the hearts of his children. He stands at the door of your heart knocking, and can you refuse him admission? He says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." But we treat him with criminal neglect; and with cruel hardness of heart, we refuse to love him, and receive him as our friend. He entreats admission; he asks that he may enter, and make your heart his home, that you may be happy. And there he has stood for days, and months, and years, and you receive him not. Could we see our own sins in the light they are viewed by God and angels, we should be overwhelmed with guilt and shame.

My dear young friend, have you not often felt the importance of loving the Saviour? Have you not often wept and trembled under a sense of your guilt? Christ was then pleading for admission into your heart. You have, perhaps, been sick, and thought you were about to die; O how ardently did you then wish that your sins were pardoned! Perhaps you have seen a dear sister die: you wept over her as her cheek grew pale, and she drew nearer and nearer to death. And when that little sister ceased to breathe, and her limbs were cold and helpless, you wept as though your heart would break. This was a loud call! this was the way

the Saviour took to reach your heart. When on earth he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" and now he makes various efforts to induce you to come to him: sometimes he favors you with prosperity, that his goodness may excite your love; but when he sees in prosperity you are prone to forget him, he sends sorrow and trouble, under which your spirits sink, and the world appears gloomy, that you may be led to seek happiness in things above. And is it not the blackest ingratitude, on your part, to resist all this love, and trample on his kindness, and refuse to submit and give him your heart? You think that those children that refused to admit their aged father, and turned him off to perish, were cruel. They were, but not more cruel than you are. Their father had been kind to them, but not so kind as your Saviour has been to you. He stood at the door and knocked, but not so long as the Saviour has stood at the door of your heart. There is no ingratitude so base as that which rejects the Saviour.

A GOOD BOY.

A few years ago, while I was stationed in the city of B——, I had charge of a large and very interesting sabbath school, which I often

visited. It was a great source of pleasure to be permitted to see these little children every sabbath, and to impress upon their young minds the importance of religious truth. Among many others, there was one little boy that drew my attention particularly: it was little G. A——. Though quite young, he manifested an intense anxiety to learn, and made rapid progress. His eye seemed to kindle with the mingled fire of elevated thought and pure feeling; and his countenance always seemed to be lighted up with unusual joy, and when I visited the family circle he was always ready to hear and receive instruction. One little circumstance I will mention, which shows his great anxiety to hear something on the subject of religion. His mother, on one occasion, had received a letter from an absent friend. Little G. stood by her side and listened with intense interest, until it was all read; and then looking into his mother's face with apparent disappointment, he said, "Why, mother, there is not one word in it about religion." At another time, I went into the sabbath school to address the children. I spoke freely to them on the importance of religion; the necessity of commencing young, of commencing now. I saw a number deeply affected. There sat little G., and the silent tear stole

unbidden down his face, his bosom swelled with deep emotion, and he sobbed as though his heart would break. And when all the rest were dismissed and had retired, he kneeled at his seat deeply engaged in prayer for the forgiveness of his sins. The next sabbath he was there again, and manifested the same deep concern. In a short time after that, he was taken ill: I saw him no more in the sabbath school. His disease grew worse and worse, until all hope of his recovery was lost. He died,—but not without hope. What an unspeakable satisfaction was it to those bereaved parents, as they followed the last remains of their little son to his grave, to know that he had gone to heaven, and that they should meet him there! Dear young reader, "remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth:" "for you know not the day, nor the hour, when the Son of man cometh."

THE DRUNKEN MAN.

It is kind in God that he will not let the wicked enter heaven. He loves his holy children there too well to suffer the wicked to enter and trouble them, or to destroy their peace. There was a little girl who had a number of her little associates to spend the evening with her. They were all playing very happily to-

gether in the parlor, when a drunken man happened to go by. As he heard their voices, he came staggering up to the door, and tried to get in. All the girls were very much frightened for fear the drunken wretch would get into the parlor. But the gentleman of the house told them not to be alarmed. He assured them that the man should not come in; and though it was a cold winter's night, he went out and sent him away. Now, was it not kind in this gentleman thus to protect these children?

Suppose a wicked man, or a lost spirit, could go to the gates of heaven, and try to enter there, do you suppose that God would permit him to enter? No; God has shown his love by declaring that the wicked shall never enter there.

> "Those holy gates for ever bar
> Pollution, sin, and shame;
> None shall obtain admittance there
> But followers of the Lamb."

There was a certain family which was, a few years ago, united and happy. The parents looked with pleasure upon the children that were growing up around them; they beheld them all virtuous in their conduct, and affectionate to each other. Their evening sports went on harmoniously, and these children all

seemed to bid fair to be a blessing to their parents and to the world around them. But at length, one of the sons began to drink intoxicating liquors, and went on from step to step in vice, until he became a degraded wretch. His father and mother wept over their prodigal son, and did everything in their power to reclaim him. All their efforts were vain. Every day he grew worse. The brothers and sisters found all the happiness of their home destroyed by his wickedness. The family was disgraced by him, and they were all in sorrow and tears. One evening he was brought home so intoxicated, that he was apparently without life. His poor broken-hearted mother saw him conveyed in this condition to his bed. At another time, when his parents were absent, he came home in a state of intoxication, bordering on phrensy. He raved about the house like a madman. He swore the most shocking oaths. Enraged with one of his sisters, he seized a chair, and would have struck her, perhaps, a fatal blow, if she had not escaped by flight. The parents of this child felt that such things could no longer be permitted, and told him, that if there was not a speedy reformation in his conduct, they should forbid him entering the house. But entreaties and warnings were alike in vain. He continued

his disgraceful career. His father, seeing that amendment was hopeless, and that he was, by remaining at home, destroying the peace of the family and loading them with disgrace, sent his son to sea, and told him never to return until he could come back with sober habits. To protect his other children, he found it necessary to send the dissolute and abandoned one away.

Now, was this father cruel, in thus endeavoring to promote the peace and happiness of his family? Was it unkind for him to resolve to exclude the vicious, in order to render his virtuous children happy? No! every one sees that this was the dictate of kindness. If he had been a cruel parent, and had no regard for his children, he would have allowed this abandoned son to remain. He would have made no effort to protect his children and promote their joy.

And is it not kind in our heavenly Father to resolve, that those who will not obey his laws shall be for ever excluded from heaven? He loves his virtuous and obedient children, and will make them perfectly happy. He never will permit the wicked to mar their happiness, or degrade their home. If God were an unkind being, he would let the wicked go to heaven. He would have no prison to detain them. He would leave the good unprotected and exposed.

But God is love. He never will thus abandon his children. He has provided a dungeon, deep and dark, where he will hold the wicked, so that they cannot escape. The angels in heaven have nothing to fear from wicked men, or wicked angels.

But those who will not submit to his authority must be shut out of heaven for ever. If we do not yield to the warning and entreaties now given us, we must hear the sentence, "Depart from me; I know you not." God uses all the means which he deems proper to reclaim us; and when he finds that we are incorrigible, then does he close for ever upon us the doors of our prison, that we may never escape. If God cared not for his children, he might turn all guilty spirits loose upon the world to rove and destroy at their pleasure. But God is love; and the glory of heaven can never be marred by sin. In hell's dreary abyss, the wretched outcasts from heaven will find their secure abiding place. Where do you wish to have your home? With the holy and the happy in heaven, or with the wicked and miserable in hell? Now is the time to decide. Life will soon be gone. As we die, we will continue for ever. Then, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no

work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

> "There are no acts of pardon pass'd
> In the cold grave to which we haste."

God, in this world, makes use of all those means which are calculated to affect your feelings, and to incline you to his service. You now hear of the love of Jesus, and feel the strivings of the Holy Spirit. You are surrounded by many who love the Saviour, and enjoy all the precious privileges of the Bible and the sabbath. God speaks to you in judgments and in mercy to bring you to himself. If you can resist all this, your case is a hopeless one. In the world of wo there will be no one to plead for you. You will feel no strivings of the Spirit; no Christian friends will surround you with their sympathy and their prayers. The sabbath will no more dawn upon you, and the Bible will no more entreat you to turn to the Lord. If you can resist all these motives to repentance, you are proof against the calls of God. If you die impenitent, you will for ever remain impenitent, and go on unrestrained in crime and wo. The word of God has declared, that at the day of judgment our doom will be fixed for ever. The wicked shall then go into everlasting punish-

ment, and the righteous into life eternal. The bars of the sinner's prison will never be broken, and the glories of the saint's abode will never be sullied.

THE SAVIOUR.

There are many interesting parables in the Bible, which show us that God has no pleasure in our death. He compares himself to the kind shepherd, who, finding that one little lamb had strayed from the flock, left the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and went in search of the lost one. He illustrates his deep concern for us by the parable of the woman who had lost a piece of silver, and immediately lit a candle and swept the house diligently till she found it. By this we are informed, that it is not the will of our Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.

This he has shown further by the gift of his well-beloved Son. That your sins might be pardoned, and you saved from eternal wo, Jesus came, suffered, and died. "He who was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich." The Saviour was born in a manger. When an infant, his life was sought by Herod. His parents were compelled to flee out of the country, that they might

save his life. As he grew, he was friendless and forsaken. He went about from place to place, from village to village, doing good to all. He visited the sick, and healed them. He took little children up in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and blessed them. He loved all, injured no one, and labored to do good to all. And yet he was persecuted, insulted, and abused. Time after time he was compelled to flee for his life. They took up stones to stone him. They sought false witnesses to accuse him. At last they took him by night, as he was praying in the garden, and led him away to be crucified. A cruel multitude came and took him by force, and led him away to Pilate. They arrayed him in a scarlet robe. They heaped upon him all manner of insult and abuse. They smote him with their hands; they scourged him. They made a crown of thorns, and put it on his head; set him at naught, and mocked him: and after thus passing the whole night, he was led out to the hill of Calvary, fainting beneath the heavy burden of the cross, which he was compelled to bear on his own shoulders, and to which he was to be nailed. When they arrived at the place of crucifixion, he was suspended upon the cross, and they drove the nails through his hands and his feet. The cross was then planted in the

ground, and the Saviour was lifted up, and exposed to the gaze and insults of the mob. A cruel soldier came and thrust a spear into his side. To quench his raging thirst they gave him vinegar, mingled with gall. Then he cried out, "It is finished," and gave up the ghost. Thus the Saviour died. He endured all this suffering that he might save sinners. And while he hung bleeding upon the cross, he cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He then bore our sins in his own body on the tree. If it had not been for our Saviour's death, there would have been no help for helpless sinners. You never could have entered heaven. You must have been for ever lost, and endured and suffered the penalty of the violated law, which says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Was there ever such love as this? And, O! must not that child's heart be hard, who will not love so kind a Saviour, and who will not try to live a holy life? Christ so loved you, that he was willing to die the most shameful and painful death, that he might make you happy. He is now in heaven, preparing mansions of glory for all those who will accept him as their Saviour, and obey his law. And where is the child that does not desire to have this Saviour for his friend, and heaven for his home?

CHAPTER VI.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

All must be aware how much more happy and beloved some children are than others. Some children are always pleasant, and you delight to be with them. Being pleasant themselves, they make you feel so. There are others who are always unhappy; whose society you will try to shun at all times. The very expression of their countenances produces unpleasant sensations. They seem to have no friends.

It is impossible for any one to be happy without friends. Our Creator has formed us social beings, and we cannot be happy without giving and receiving affection. You cannot receive kindness and affection, unless you will give them to others. You cannot expect others to love you, unless you love them. Love is only to be obtained by love. Hence it is important for children to cultivate the principle of love to others; and also a kind and obliging disposition. You cannot be happy and agreeable without it.

If your companions do not love you, it will

be your own fault. They cannot avoid loving you, if you will be kind and obliging. If you are not beloved, it is good evidence that you do not deserve it. It is true, duty may require you sometimes to do that which is displeasing to your companions: but if it be seen that you have a noble spirit; that you are not selfish; that you are willing to sacrifice your own comfort and convenience to promote the happiness of others, you will never be without friends. It is not beauty, it is not wealth, it is not a high rank in society, that will give you friends, or cause you to be beloved. Your own heart must glow with kindness and love to others, if you would have the esteem and friendship of those around you.

You are little aware how much the happiness of your whole life depends on cultivating an affectionate disposition. If you will form the resolution that you will live in the exercise of this disposition, and confer favors whenever you have opportunity, you will always have warm and ardent friends. Commence upon this principle in childhood, and act upon it through life, and you will make yourself happy, and promote the happiness of all around you.

Perhaps, after reading this, you feel conscious that your companions dislike you; and yet you

are desirous to have their friendship. You ask me what you shall do to secure it. I will tell you what to do. *Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you; cultivate a kind and affectionate disposition toward others; do all in your power to render them happy; make sacrifices of your own convenience that you may promote their happiness.* This is the way to make friends, and to secure them. When you are playing with your little classmates at school, always be willing to give them more than their share of privileges: manifest an obliging disposition, and they will love you in return. In all your intercourse with the world, at home and abroad, let these principles be your guide, and you shall have a full reward of devoted friends. The very exercise of these feelings brings enjoyment. The benevolent man is a happy man: his family is cheerful and happy; his home is the place of enjoyment. These feelings are worth cultivating, for they bring with them their own reward. Benevolence is the spirit of heaven; selfishness the spirit of hell.

> "The heart benevolent and kind,
> The most resembles God."

But persons of an ardent disposition often find it very difficult to govern themselves; some trifling occurrence irritates them, and their pas-

sion, like a storm, carries them away, and then they will do things to give pain instead of pleasure. You must have your temper in subjection, if you would be kind to others. A bad temper is a great evil; if not restrained, it will be continually growing worse and worse.

THE MURDERER.

A few years since, a man was tried for murder. When a child, he had given loose rein to his passion; the least insult would rouse his wrath to flame, and it burned with rancor and cruelty. There was no one who could love him. While at play he would become angry at the smallest trifles. As he grew older his passion grew worse, and he became so ill-natured that every one avoided him. One day, as he was conversing with another man, he became so enraged at some little provocation, that he seized a club, and with one blow laid the man lifeless at his feet. He was immediately taken to prison; but while there his passions increased to such a degree that he became a raving maniac. The very fires of the bottomless pit seemed to be burning in his heart. Loaded with chains, and confined in a dark dungeon, he was doomed to groan out the remnant of his wretched existence, a victim of his ungovernable passions.

It is very common for a child to destroy his own peace, and make his brothers and sisters miserable, by indulging his evil passions. It is almost universally the case, that when a child cherishes this disposition until he becomes a man, he is a pest to society. By his whining and fault-finding, he destroys the happiness of all around him; his home is a scene of discord, and his family is made wretched.

THE CRUEL BOY.

I once knew a boy who was cruel and selfish in his disposition: he took great delight in punishing animals, and in rendering his brothers and sisters unhappy. He would sometimes treat them very badly: he would often quarrel and fight with his little classmates, and was a terror to the whole school. His parents seemed to take no pains to control his bad disposition. He grew worse and worse, and would sometimes abuse his father and mother, for he soon became so wicked that they could not control him. As he grew up to be a man, he became more and more abandoned to his crimes; the whole neighborhood dreaded and despised him. He was an outcast in society. He was engaged in almost every drunken riot that took place. In making an attack, on one occasion, upon a

helpless family, at night, while under the influence of strong drink, he was very near being shot dead on the spot. After making many narrow escapes from the prison and the gallows, he came to an untimely death, before he was thirty years of age. Thus the wicked do not live out half their days.

I hope every child who reads this will be persuaded to commence immediately the control of his or her temper. Resolve that you will never get angry: and if your little companions do anything that has a tendency to provoke you, control your tempers, and speak mildly and softly. If you commence in this way, and persevere, you will soon gain the ascendency over your tempers and passions, and contribute to your own happiness, and be useful to those around you.

THE BOY WHO COULD RESIST TEMPTATION.

There was a little boy, some years ago, who had remembered his Creator in the days of his youth. He was a professed Christian. He loved the Saviour, and tried to do what was right. He went to school with a number of other boys who were very bad. They would often ridicule him, and do everything to vex him, because he would not join them in wick-

edness. Near the school-house there was an orchard, and the boys would often, without the consent of the owner, take the apples. One day, some of the boys were going to the orchard for apples, and they called on this religious boy to accompany them.

"Come, Henry," said one of them to him, "let us go and get some apples."

"The apples are not ours," he replied, "and I do not think it right to steal."

"You are a coward, and afraid to go," said the other boy.

"I am afraid," said Henry, "to do wrong, and so ought you to be; but I am not afraid to do what is right."

This wicked boy was very much irritated at this rebuke, and called Henry a great many bad names, and endeavored to hold him up to the ridicule of the whole school. He bore it very patiently, though it might seem hard to be endured.

Some days after this, the boys were going a fishing. Henry had a beautiful fishing-rod which his father had bought him. The boy who had abused Henry was very anxious to borrow this fishing-rod, but was ashamed to ask for it. At last he called out to Henry, at the top of his voice—"Henry, will you lend me your rod to

go a fishing?" "O yes," said Henry, "if you will go home with me, I will get it for you now."

This bad boy felt deeply, and much ashamed for what he had done; but went home with Henry to get the rod. When they came to the place, and Henry took down the fishing-rod, he said to George, "I have a new line at the house, which father bought me the other day; you may have that too, if you want it." George could no longer hold up his head, he was so much ashamed. However, Henry went and got the line, and put it on the rod, and gave them to George.

A few days after, George told one of his little associates all about it. "Why," said he, "I never felt so much ashamed in all my life; and one thing is certain, I will never call Henry hard names again." Every one must admire the noble conduct of little Henry in this matter. God loves such a child: he requires a forgiving spirit. You must follow the example of Henry, and always be ready to forgive.

AN IDLE BOY.

Idleness is another bad trait too often to be found in the young. Many young persons seem to think that it is not important for them to im-

prove their time in youth, and that they can make up for their lost time when they grow older. They think it a disgrace for grown persons to be idle and to waste their precious time, but there can be no harm for those as young as themselves to loiter away their precious moments as they please. I knew a boy who thought so, whose name I shall call Robert. His father was a poor man, but of high standing and of great moral worth. He was anxious to give his son a good education, as this would be all the legacy he could leave him. His father denied himself many comforts, and went to great expense to procure him books and clothing, and to send him to college. His kind father hoped that his son would be industrious and attentive to his studies, and graduate with honor, and be his comfort in old age. But, alas! his hopes were blasted. Robert was idle. His preceptor would often tell him if he did not study, he would never succeed, and tried every means to prompt him to be industrious. But Robert thought of nothing but his own ease: often would he go into the recitation room without having made the suitable preparation, and, when called to recite with his class, he would stammer and make such blunders, that the rest of the class could not avoid laughing at him.

He was one of the poorest and most unhappy scholars in his class, simply because he was idle. At length it was found that all efforts to induce him to study were vain; and the faculty, wearied with his idleness and misconduct, dismissed him, and sent him home to his parents. His father and mother were deeply afflicted and mortified, and they soon became tired of him at home, and sent him back again. And now came hard times for poor Robert. There was but little mercy shown him: he had to go into a large room, filled with students from all parts of the country, to recite. One day, while I was walking through the campus, I looked up, and I saw Robert in an upper room, in the college buildings, lying with his head out of the window, playing, quite unconcerned, while all the other students were busily employed at their lessons. Poor fellow! he paid dear for his carelesness. You would have pitied him, if you could have seen him when called up to recite: he would stand up and take what the class called a *dead set;* that is, he could say nothing at all. Sometimes he would make such ludicrous blunders, that the whole class would burst out into a laugh. He was wretched, of course. All good scholars avoided him; and he was treated with contempt, because he was idle. Every

child who would be respected and beloved, and that wishes to have a home in heaven, must guard against the sin of idleness.

But as I have given you the story of Robert, which shows the sad effects of idleness, I will now present you with another, more pleasing, which shows

THE REWARDS OF INDUSTRY.

I will now give you a short sketch of Charles M——. I do not think that he possessed superior talents to Robert. Indeed, I doubt whether he was equal to him in natural powers of mind. But Charles was a hard student: he was always careful to be ready to recite well. Sometimes, if he had a hard lesson, instead of going out to play, he would stay in to study. He resolved first to study his lesson well, and then he could play with a good conscience.

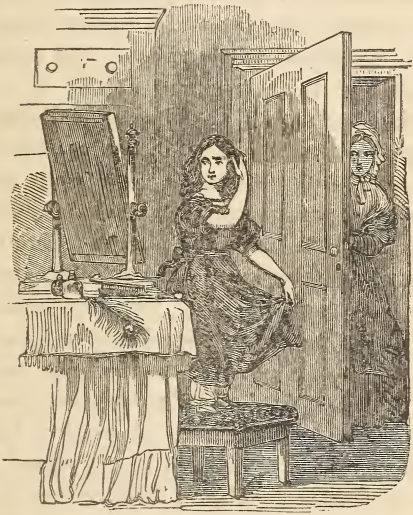
I have often heard the remark made of him, "That is a promising youth." He was greatly beloved by the faculty and his fellow-students. He was happy and respected, because he was moral and *industrious*. At last he graduated, that is, he finished his collegiate course, and received his diploma. It was known to all that he was a good scholar, and he was respected by all. His friends and acquaintances came,

on the day of commencement, to hear him speak: all felt gratified, and loved Charles more than ever. He is now a useful minister of the gospel. Such are the rewards of industry. How strange it is, that any person should be content to live in idleness! The idle are almost invariably poor and unhappy; the industrious prosperous and contented. You are placed in this world to improve your time. In youth you must be preparing for usefulness; and if you do not improve the advantages you enjoy, you sin against your Maker.

> "With books, or works, or healthful play,
> Let your first years be past;
> That you may give for every day
> Some good account at last."

Humility is another important trait of character, which should be cultivated in early life. What can be more disgusting and ridiculous than to see a child putting on foolish and vain airs? I have sometimes seen the vain and foolish girl tossing her head about, walking with mincing step, and speaking with an affected tone of voice, all which shows you at once, that she is excessively haughty. She vainly imagines that others are admiring her disgusting airs, when the truth is, they are laughing at

her, and despising her. All look upon her as a vain and very simple girl. Vanity is the sure index of a weak mind, and if you indulge in so contemptible a disposition, you will certainly be the subject of disgust and ridicule.



THE VAIN GIRL.

I knew a young lady once who was puffed up with pride and self-conceit. She seemed to think because her father possessed a little wealth, that this gave her a pre-eminence over

others, more deserving than herself. She had a very shallow mind, and but little education. Few persons visited her without soon becoming disgusted with her vain airs, and often left her society with their feelings hurt, and with a determination to visit her no more. She was soon without friends; and I seldom heard her name mentioned but in ridicule and contempt. On one occasion she was invited to a large evening party; and, looking around upon the company with a haughty air, she remarked, she did not like the company; they were nothing but a set of mechanics' daughters and milliners. Poor simpleton! she thought she had produced quite an impression. And, in truth, she had. She had fixed, indelibly, the impression that she was an insufferably weak and self-conceited girl. She made herself the laughing-stock for the whole company. The moment she was gone, there was one general burst of laughter at her expense. And not one of those ladies and gentlemen could ever think of that vain girl afterward, but with feelings of contempt. This is invariably the effect of vanity. You cannot conceal it; it will be detected, and cover you with disgrace. There is no evil disposition more common than this, and none more supremely ridiculous.

You see another girl, whose frank and open countenance proclaims a sincere and honest heart. All her movements are natural. She manifests no desire to attract attention. The idea of her own superiority seems not to have entered her mind. As she walks about the school-room, you can detect no airs of self-conceit. She is pleasant, kind, and respectful to all her associates. If you ask her a question, she answers with modesty and without ostentation. This girl, without any effort to attract admiration, is beloved and admired by all. Every one sees at once she is a girl of good sense. She is too wise to be vain. And this is the kind of character which secures respect.

There was once a little girl whose parents were wealthy. She was handsome, but was very proud of her beauty and of her father's wealth. Although she seemed to think that every one ought to admire her, yet she was beloved and respected by none. She finished her education, and left school, as vain and disgusting as before. A young man, who lived in the neighborhood, was simple enough to fall in love with her, and marry her. They moved on tolerably well for awhile. For a few years the property which her father left her supported them. But after the death of her father her

husband became idle and dissipated, and in a short time their property was all squandered. She had no friends to whom she could look for support, and they were every day sinking deeper and deeper into poverty. Her husband at last became a perfect sot, and staggered through the streets in the lowest state of degradation. She was left with one or two small children, and without a support. In a miserable hovel this poor woman was compelled to take up her residence. By this time her pride had experienced a fall. She no longer showed the air of the vain girl, but now was a helpless and afflicted woman. The sorrow and disgrace into which she was plunged by the intemperance of her husband, preyed so deeply upon her mind, that her tender constitution gave way under it, and in this condition she was carried to the poorhouse. There she lingered out the few last days of her unhappy life. What a sad end for a proud and haughty girl! And what a loud appeal is this to all, to be humble and unassuming! You may be in health and affluence to-day, and to-morrow in sickness and adversity. Your early home may be one of wealth and luxury, abounding with all that the heart could wish for, but your dying hour may be one of poverty in the poorhouse, without a friend to administer to

your wants. What folly is it, then, to indulge in vanity!

If you would be beloved, or if you wish to be useful and happy, you must shun this pitiable failing. If you would avoid exciting disgust in others, avoid vanity. If you do not wish to be the laughing-stock of all your acquaintances, do not let them see pride in your deportment. If you do not wish to be the object of hatred and disgust, beware how you indulge in fancied feelings of superiority. Be plain, sincere, and honest-hearted. Let all your words and actions show that you do not think more highly of yourself than you ought to think. Then will others love you: they will rejoice at your prosperity; and they will be glad to see you rising in the world in esteem and respectability. And, above all, you will secure to yourself a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOLY SABBATH.

"REMEMBER the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor the stranger within thy gates."

This is the express command of God, who says, "Ye shall keep my sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord. And if ye despise my statutes, I also will do this unto you; I will even appoint over you terror, consumption, and the burning ague, that shall consume the eyes, and cause sorrow of heart; and ye shall sow your seed in vain, for your enemies shall eat it. And I will set my face against you, and ye shall be slain before your enemies. They that hate you shall reign over you; and ye shall flee when none pursueth you."

The great evil of transgressing the law of the sabbath is here fully shown. Man is a *moral* as well as an intellectual being; and the

religious observance of the sabbath is essential to his moral character. Without it, all other means of doing good will, to a great extent, fail.

You may send out Bibles as on the wings of the wind, scatter religious tracts like the leaves of the forest, and preach the gospel not only in the church, but at the corner of every street,—but, if men will not stop their worldly business, travel, and amusements, on the Lord's day, the cares of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the pride of life, will choke all these means, and render them unfruitful.

Now, my young reader, look among those who are confined in the state prisons, who have broken the laws of their country, and are punished, and see whether they were accustomed to keep the sabbath day holy. Scarcely a criminal is hung, who, if he says anything about his wickedness, does not confess that it commenced by sabbath breaking.

Chaplains of state prisons, who talk with the prisoners, and learn all about their character, say, that out of every *hundred* confined there, at least *ninety* have been accustomed to break the sabbath. At the Charlestown prison, in Massachusetts, out of two hundred and fifty-six prisoners, one hundred and eighty had lived in a general violation of the sabbath. I suppose,

therefore, that three-fourths of the criminals, or seventy-five in every hundred who are hung, or sent to the state prisons, are habitual sabbath breakers.

Of twelve hundred and thirty-two convicts who had been committed to the Auburn state prison previously to the year 1838, only twenty-six had conscientiously kept the sabbath.

Of fourteen hundred and fifty, who had been committed to that prison previously to the year 1839, five hundred and sixty-three were watermen, and deprived of the rest of the sabbath; and only twenty-seven had kept it.

Of sixteen hundred and fifty-three, who had been committed to that prison previously to the year 1840, only twenty-nine had kept the sabbath. Of two hundred and three who were sent there in one year, ninety-seven had been watermen, and only two out of the whole number had conscientiously kept the sabbath.

Thus it appears, from official documents, that nearly all the convicts confined in our state prisons are men who have disregarded the duties and neglected the privileges of the holy sabbath. Let all classes of society, and especially the youth of our land, enjoy the rest and privileges of the sabbath, and the effects will prove that it "was made for man," by Him who made man,

and that it is well adapted to the well-being of his intellectual, physical, and moral nature.

On the other hand, take from the youth of our country the influence of the sabbath and its attendant blessings, and you take away the safeguards of the soul, and lay it open to the conquests of Satan and his legions. Thus we become an easy prey, and are led captive by the devil at his will.

A gentleman, in England, who was in the habit, for more than twenty years, of daily visiting convicts, states that, almost universally, when brought to a sense of their condition, they lamented their neglect of the sabbath, and pointed to the violation of it as the *principal cause* of their ruin. That prepared them for, and led them on, step by step, to the commission of other crimes, and finally to the commission of that which brought them to the prison, and often to the gallows. He has received numerous letters from convicts, stating that they considered the violation of the sabbath the great cause of their ruin. He has attended three hundred and fifty at the place of execution, when they were put to death for their crimes ; and nine out of ten who were brought to a sense of their condition, attributed, to a great extent, their downfall to their neglect of the sabbath.

Another gentleman, who has had charge of more than one hundred thousand prisoners, and has taken special pains to ascertain the causes of their crimes, says that he does not recollect a single case of a capital offense where the individual had not been a sabbath breaker. And in many cases they assured him, that this was the first step in their downward course to ruin. Indeed, with regard to prisoners he says, that in nineteen cases out of twenty, all classes of them have neglected the observance of the sabbath and the other means of grace. And he has often met with prisoners who were about to expiate their crimes by an ignominious death, who earnestly exhorted those around them to remember that holy day, ascribing their own ruin to the neglect of that holy institution.

A father, whose son was addicted to riding out for pleasure on the sabbath, was told if he did not stop it, his son would be ruined. He did not stop it, but set the example by sometimes riding out for pleasure himself. His son became a man, was placed in a responsible situation, and intrusted with a large amount of property. Soon he became a defaulter, and ran away. In a different part of the country he obtained another responsible office, and was

intrusted with a large amount of property. Of that he defrauded the owner, and fled again. He was pursued and arrested, tried and convicted, and sent to the state prison. After some years spent in solitude and hard labor, he wrote a letter to his father, and after recounting his course of crime, he added, "*That was the effect of breaking the sabbath when I was a boy.*"

A distinguished merchant, long accustomed to observe the conduct of the young, and the vices that often lead to their ruin, and who had gained an uncommon knowledge of these things, said, "When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the sabbath, on Monday morning I dismiss him. Such a one cannot be trusted."

Many a youth, setting at naught the counsels of God with regard to the sabbath, and refusing on that day to attend sabbath school and divine worship, before he was aware of it, has found himself abandoned of God, and in the hands of the enemy, chained and fettered by sin, sinking deeper and deeper into crime, until he is suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy. *Let every youth who has gone out from his father's counsels, and his mother's prayers, remember the sabbath, and keep it holy, and be found habitually in the house of God, and under the sound of*

the gospel, which is able to make him wise unto salvation. Let him avoid the violation of that day as he would the gate to hell.

A man in the state of New-York who had presumptuously spent the sabbath in getting in his grain, said that he had fairly cheated the Almighty out of one day. He boasted of it as a mark of his superiority. On Tuesday the lightning struck his barn, and set it on fire. He gained nothing by working on the sabbath.

Another man acted as if he thought all the evil of working on the sabbath consisted in being seen. Consequently he went out of sight, by getting behind the woods, but the eye of God was upon him. He spent the day in gathering in his grain, and putting it into a vacant building near by. But the lightning struck the building, and, with the contents, it was burned to ashes. He who made the eye saw what this man was doing, and, in the order of his providence, suddenly blasted all his gains. Who hath hardened himself against God and prospered? Men are not apt, in the end, to gain in that way.

Seven young men in the state of Massachusetts started in the same business, nearly at the same time. Six of them had some property or assistance from their friends, and followed their business seven days in the week. They had

no sabbath. The other had less property than either of the six. He had less assistance from others, and worked only six days in the week. He is now the only man that has property, and that has not failed in business; the others have all been wrecked.

A distinguished merchant, in one of our large cities, said, not long since, "It is about thirty years since I came to this city, and every man through this whole range of the town, who came down to the store on sabbath morning, or suffered his counting room to be open, has lost his property." Men may seem to prosper for a while by the profanation of the sabbath; *but it does not end well.* Their disappointment, even here, comes suddenly.

Not long since, I heard a minister of the gospel say, that in a late journey he passed near the houses of four men who started together for the far west. One sabbath morning they discussed the question whether it was right and best for them to travel on the Lord's day. The result was, they separated. Three of them went on and reached Buffalo just in time to take that ill-fated vessel, the steamboat Erie, on her last voyage, and perished in her flames. On that same sabbath morning, another company of travelers, in another place, talked over the same

question with regard to the propriety of their traveling on the sabbath, and they separated from one another to meet no more. Some went on their journey, and some stayed and attended public worship. Those who went on arrived in time to take the same boat. The first night out, the boat took fire, and was soon in a fierce blaze. Some were consumed, others jumped overboard, and were drowned, and but few escaped. "Never," said a man who went out to their assistance, "never shall I forget the sound that struck upon my ear, when I came near the boat; the passengers were clinging to the sides of the vessel, while the burning cinders were pouring down upon their heads, and they were dropping off, one after another. O it was like the wailings of despair."

Those who stopped to attend public worship arrived in safety, in time to take another boat, and to remain as living witnesses of the utility of the strict observance of the sabbath day. "My own brother," said a man who heard that statement, "was in that company; he remained behind and saved his life." How many others have saved their lives, and their souls too, by remembering the sabbath day, to keep it holy! Though the observance of God's commands may

not always exempt us from sudden death, yet in keeping them there is great reward.

A man and his wife were very anxious to arrive in New-York in time to take the steamboat Lexington; and to accomplish which, they traveled a greater portion of the sabbath. They arrived in season, took the boat, and were among the unfortunate multitude who, on a dark and dismal night, perished in the flames, and went down amidst shrieks and cries, to find a watery grave. But it has been said by some that all sabbath breakers do not die suddenly, or lose their property. Some continue to live a long time, and, after their death, transmit their property to their children. But you will remember, my young reader, it is less likely to be a blessing to them, than if it had been gained by not robbing God. It does not wear well, and, while it lasts, it appears to be under the divine curse.

"Those views," said a man, "are all superstition: the idea that it is not safe and profitable to work on the sabbath day is *false*. And I will prove it to be false." So he attempted it. He ploughed his fields and sowed his grain on the sabbath day. It came up and grew finely. Often, during the season, he pointed to it and

said that sabbath labor was as safe and profitable as any other. He reaped it, and stacked it up in the field. His boys took a gun, and went out into the woods. It was a dry time, and they set the woods on fire. The wind took the fire, and it swept over the field, and naught but the blackness of ashes marked the place where the grain had stood. He could not prove, though he tried long and hard, that it was safe and profitable to work on the Lord's day. "Wo be unto him that striveth with his Maker."

A man who once ridiculed the idea that God makes a difference in his providence between those who obey his laws, and those who do not, had been engaged on a certain sabbath in gathering his grain into his barn. The next week he had occasion to take fire out into his field, in order to burn some brush. He left it, as he supposed, all secure, and went in to dinner. The wind began to blow, and took the fire into his barn-yard, which was filled with straw, and, before he was aware of it, the flames were bursting out of his barn. He arose and looked on with amazement, saw that all was lost, and fixing his eye on the curling flames, stood speechless: then, raising his hand and pointing to the rising column of fire, he said, with solemn emphasis, "*That is the finger of God!*"

Beware, then, my young friends, and be admonished by the awful judgments of the Almighty, to abstain from the violation of this holy day. One of the greatest blessings of the sabbath is, that it gives time for self-examination and attention to the great business of eternity. Let us improve this holy day, "with our eyes single." "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing."

The Roman Catholics in Europe are sending over men and money, to extend their influence and religion in the United States. *If they should succeed, and their religion should be spread over the land, the sabbath would be ruined.* Roman Catholics never keep the sabbath as it is kept by Protestants. In Spain, the sabbath is a day for the cruel amusements of bull-baiting and cock-fighting. In Paris, the shops are generally opened; the markets are thronged as on other days; carts, and drays, and all sorts of vehicles designed for transportation of merchandise, are in motion; buying and selling, and manual labor, proceed as usual; and there is neither rest for man nor beast. A friend told me not long since, that while in Paris he was invited to preach in the Wesleyan Mission church there; and while engaged in the services, he was very much annoyed by the sound of the anvil of a

blacksmith, who was hard at work near the church. In the afternoon the shops are generally closed; labor is suspended, and the rest of the day devoted to pleasure, in visiting the theatre and other places of public amusement. Not less than sixty thousand persons visit these places of amusement, in Paris, every sabbath. It is their greatest holyday. Another traveler says, that if an American were to arrive at Malta on the sabbath, "he would not know that it was Sunday. A few shops are closed, but a vast many more are spread open wide, and their windows stuffed full as usual. The poor people are going about the streets crying their wares, water, and fruit for sale. The market is supplied with fish, flesh, and garden stuffs, and is frequented by purchasers as on other days. Porters, in their daily apparel, wait at the corners of the streets, to take burdens, or other commissions that may offer, and watermen are plying their skiffs in the harbor and inlets." We may learn from these well-authenticated statements how the sabbath would be kept in the United States, if the Roman Catholic religion should ever prevail.

In New-Orleans, where the largest portion of the people are Roman Catholics, the holy sabbath is generally desecrated. Amusements

and business are common. Only a short time ago a Roman Catholic church was dedicated on the sabbath, in St. Louis, the capital of Missouri. Several military companies, both horse and foot, fully armed and equipped, were on parade from six o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon. There was all the appearance of a military review. A band of music belonging to the United States army was present, and the sounds of fifes and drums, and clarionets, and bassoons, were mingled with the shouts of the rabble, and the roaring cannon. The cannon were placed immediately in front of the cathedral. The soldiers were furnished with food and wine, and were complimented for their attendance in the sermon at the consecration. *All this parade was gotten up by a Roman Catholic bishop in St. Louis.* So you see what kind of sabbaths we should have if Popery were to prevail in this land. For these reasons, I have tried to show you the value of the sabbath, and your obligation to keep it. The struggle to preserve the sabbath, from what I have told you already, will be hard; but remember, my children, you ought to be willing to sacrifice almost everything rather than the sabbath, which you have received as a precious legacy from God himself. *Remember, that to*

Americans a well-kept sabbath is a badge of liberty; without it, they never can be free; with it, they never can be enslaved. It is written in the councils of heaven, it is written in the experience of other ages—REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY, OR PERISH UNDER THE WRATH OF AN INSULTED GOD.

THE END.

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